

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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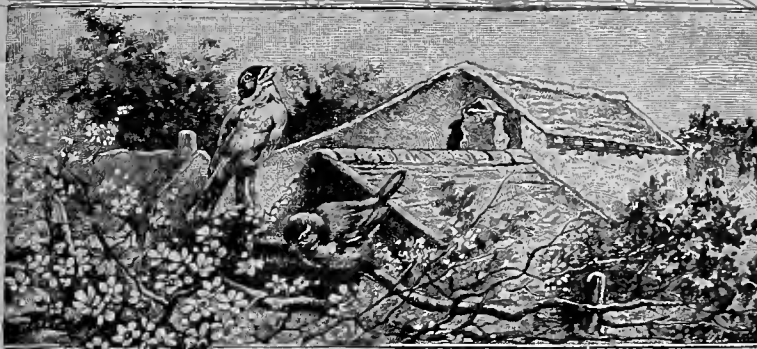
HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

• DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG •

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH •

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



APRIL.



The finches are singing,
The brown bees are humming,
The grasses are springing,
The summer is coming,

For April is here,
With sunshine and shadow
Refreshing and cheering.
How green is the meadow!

Where daisies appearing,
As stars, shine out clear.

The tree-tops are swaying,
With nests on their branches;
The rabbits a-playing,
Or sit on their haunches,

As striving to hear
The church bells' far pealing,
Now swelling, now sinking,
Through the wood the stream stealing,
Seems joyously thinking
Glad summer is near!

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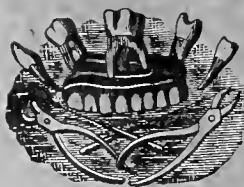
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IN EFFECT JANUARY 8, 1899.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	6:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	10:50 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	9:45 p. m.
No. 12—For Park City	8:25 a. m.
No. 9—For Ogden, intermediate and West	12:30 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:30 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	10:40 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and intermediate points	8:35 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 11—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	8:45 p. m.
No. 10—From Ogden and intermediate points	3:10 p. m.

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[WHEN WRITING MENTION THIS PAPER.]

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXXIV.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1899.

No. 7.

EXPRESS AND FREIGHT TRAINS OF EARLY DAYS.

HEREWITH are presented reproductions of two photographs taken over thirty years ago. This was before the snorting of the iron-horse was heard in the valleys of Utah, and of course before the cities of the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts were united by the bands of steel which came later to be known as the transcontinental railway. It was at a time when "the Indians were bad," as the saying is, when friends who parted in the East before the long overland journey, promised one another that if they "did not meet at the Bluffs, they would meet at the Valley;" when mails were few and far between, but buffalo as plentiful as jack-rabbits; when sugar and nails and calico were so valuable that the prudent dealer watched closely lest he should give a fraction of an ounce or of an inch over-weight or over-measure; but when, notwithstanding the poverty of the people, there was as much contentment and peace and happiness, and as little debt and doubt, as there has ever been since or perhaps ever will be again. The great war between the two sections of our country was ended, just as our country's recent war with Spain is now ended; but it took five or six times as long to get newspapers and letters containing descriptions of those earlier battles

fought on United States soil as it now takes to obtain descriptions and even views of later battles fought in foreign waters or on foreign soil. Things have become "swift" in the last thirty years. Our express trains travel as far in an hour as the express trains of those days traveled in a day, even when they kept at it day and night; and our present freight trains go farther in a day than their ox-team predecessors would go in a month.

Allusion has been made to the fact that these pictures are thirty years old. In truth, one of the views—the oxen yoked to the wagons after the night's camp on the Weber river near Coalville—was taken thirty-four years ago. This was before any reader had ever seen the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, though it was only a few months before the first number of this paper was issued. That these wagons are loaded with merchandise is apparent from the fact that all the persons in attendance are men; if it were an emigrant train, women and children would be in evidence. The remains of the camp fire are seen near the group of men, most of whom have no doubt come down from the town to see the outfit "pull out." The bedding and "grub-boxes" have been loaded up, the plodding oxen have been yoked in pairs and fastened to the long chain reaching from the leaders to the wagons, the teamsters have their great whips ready to touch up a laggard

or a wayward steer, the wagon "boss" has already mounted his saddle pony, and all is ready for his order to move. A couple of days' more will probably see them at

yellow paint, its daring driver, its impatient horses whose harness was frequently bedecked with a multitude of white or colored ivory rings on bridle, martin-

gale and breeching—this was deemed the very acme of comfort and style in personal transportation. The stage at which we look stood on the east side of the then and present main street, a little below the corner of First South. With professional shrewd-

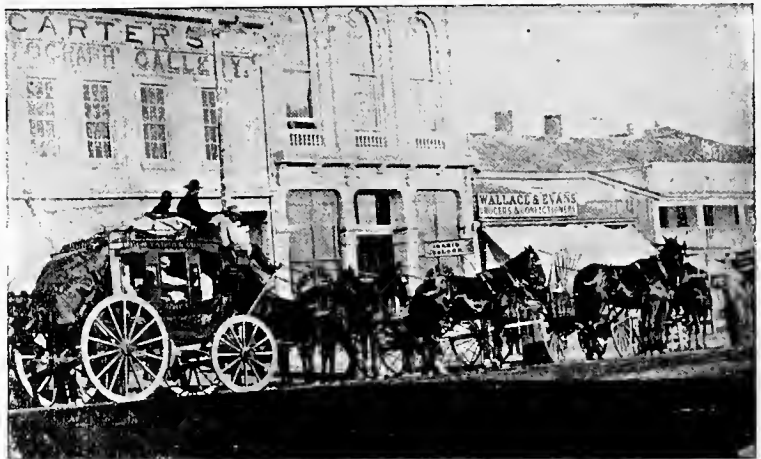


FREIGHT TRAIN NEAR COALVILLE—1865.

their journey's end in the Salt Lake Valley, and soon thereafter the treasures which they have brought will adorn the shelves of the local merchant and thence find their way to the homes of the expectant yet easily-satisfied community.

So much for the freight train. Let us turn now to the palace express train of those times! Our view bears date of 1867; and it represents a mode of travel as much more comfortable and

ness the photographer managed to snap his camera on the scene so as to get his gallery advertised in his picture. He is still living, as are also both members



STAGE-COACH READY TO START EAST—1867.

rapid than the ox-team method, as it is itself excelled by our present conveniences. The six-horse stage-coach, rocking on leather springs, with its bright

of the firm of Wallace and Evans, whose confectionery filled the dreams, if it did not always reach the mouth or stomach, of the urchin of the period. Between

their store and the gallery was one of the very few saloons of the city at the time—which perhaps explains why the stage happened to stop there—in the stone building occupied by the well-known firm of Walker Bros., who soon after moved to the other side of the street, and to the corner below which has ever since borne their name. Just below the candy store can be seen a corner of the upper porch of the old Salt Lake House, the most famous hostelry in its time between the Missouri river and the Pacific Coast. It was owned by the late Fera-morz Little.

These views will no doubt prove quite as interesting to older readers as to the youngsters, if not indeed more so. Of the former, many are now grandparents who as youths or even as children thirty and thirty-five years ago saw just such scenes as are here presented. With such, this sketch may prove a spur to memory, and to their posterity they can narrate many incidents that any one writer for these columns cannot pretend to recall. In looking backward there may almost always be found profit; and in such instances as this, reminiscences of the past cannot fail to be instructive, as showing our children the marvelous changes that have been wrought within so short a space of time.

BAD HABITS.

ARTHUR was the youngest of a family of six children, of whom the two oldest were also boys. To their mother's grief and disgust, these two older boys had acquired the habit of smoking cigarettes; and she labored faithfully to save Arthur from making the same sad mistake in life.

She taught him very carefully about the harm it would do to his nerves, his digestion and his breathing, and also of

the greater harm to his sense of right and wrong; and besought him to keep his breath sweet, his eyes bright and his conscience clear.

He readily promised to do so; but the banter of the boys' curiosity to *prove* that the forbidden thing was evil, or some other of the traps the evil one sets to catch our souls, caused Arthur to break that promise to his mother.

How carefully he prepared to make his first experiment when his parents were away from home! How bravely he endured the dreadful fit of nausea that followed his first smoke! And how sturdily he declared he was entirely well when in the evening his mother noticed that he was pale, and inquired so kindly as only a mother can if he were feeling ill!

Arthur persevered in smoking until he no longer felt like a whale that had swallowed a Jonah, and decided that he quite liked the "filthy weed." With an outlay of effort enough to have weeded the whole garden, he finally collected pennies enough to buy a small stock of tobacco, which he usually kept concealed in the stable when he was around home, but generally contrived to carry in his pocket when he went out among the boys.

These same boys were well aware that Arthur's parents would not approve of his using tobacco, and they would sometimes inquire what would happen if they found him out. This was a problem which Arthur studied long and earnestly enough to have gone half way through fractions; but he could never feel sure that he had the answer exactly right.

One day when Arthur was playing marbles with three other boys in a quiet street, a drover was conducting a band of beeves through the town; and at one place a large and noisy dog with furious barking plunged into the midst of them

so suddenly that the frightened creatures stampeded.

With bulging eyes, lashing tails and wild bellowings, they ran in all possible directions, and could not be stopped in their mad flight. A half dozen of them tore down the street in which the boys were; and just then the boys were all on their knees in a cluster, arguing a "shot" so eagerly that the cattle were almost upon them before the boys saw them, or had a thought of danger.

As the boys all sprang up from the ground at once, they frightened the steers still more; and boys and steers were so mixed up it is a wonder somebody was not trampled to death. Arthur tumbled over a bull fence on one side of the street in such haste that he tore a long rent in his coat, and nearly ripped one sleeve out.

As soon as the excitement was over, he went ruefully home to show the damage to his mother, too excited to think of anything besides the mishap and the cause of it. While he related the story, his mother took the jacket and began the task of mending it. In turning it about, she turned the pockets upside down, and out fell Arthur's "smoking outfit."

She said not a word at first, but gave him a slow look that brought his eyelids down, and a burning blush of shame to his freckled cheeks. In his confusion, he hastily picked up the articles and slipped them into a pocket of his trousers.

"Come here, Arthur," said his mother presently; and as he obeyed her slowly and unwillingly, she put one arm around him and drew him close to her as if she meant to kiss him. However, she did not kiss him, but withdrew her arm saying,

"Your breath tells me that you have been smoking. How long have you been at it?"

"More than six months, Mother."

"Why did you break your word?"

"Oh, the boys kept coaxing me and—and—"

"And *what*, Arthur?"

"I—I have learned to like it, Mother."

"Is it any less a cowardly thing to break your promise, because you have learned to like the filthy, harmful thing?"

"Maybe not, Mother, but——"

"Do you think it will harm you any less because you have learned to like it?"

"Maybe not, Mother, but——"

"But *what*, Arthur?"

"I—I have got—I have got so in the habit of it, that I—don't think—I could leave it off now."

Arthur had learned the old, lame, pitiable excuse that nearly all smokers use, and thought that plea quite unanswerable.

His mother may have thought so too, for although she looked really angry, she only said, "Go and chop stovewood, and do not come where I can see you until you are called in to supper."

Arthur knew very well he was in disgrace, and wondered if his mother broke off so suddenly because she preferred to let his father deal with him; but she hardly ever did shift such cases to the father in that way, and although she did not address one word to him during the evening nor even wish him "Good Night" at bedtime, upon the whole he rather thought he had passed the danger point safely.

The next morning the cloud was gone from his mother's face. She called him "Arthur dear" as usual, and as he could see no sign of having been reported to his father, Arthur thought with a little smile of triumph that he really "had the best of it." When several days passed quietly away without a single reference

to his bad habit, he decided in his own thoughts that his mother had made up her mind that "boys will be boys," and "old heads can not grow on young shoulders."

But Arthur was rather rudely awakened from this "sweet dream of peace," in a double sense, for, just at daylight one morning, his mother entered the room where the boys slept, carrying in her hand a slender branch of a peach tree.

Gently she drew near Arthur's bed, gently she laid back the cover from his feet, and rather ungently she applied the switch to his feet and ankles. Arthur's feet suddenly drew up toward his body, his sleepy eyes flashed wide open, and he cried out in great amazement, "Mother! what's the matter?"

Mrs. White made no reply, but went gently down stairs again. Arthur was too much surprised to cry, but dressed himself in haste, wondering greatly what he had done to deserve such strange punishment. When he went below, he slyly made examination to find out if he had omitted any of his usual evening tasks. No, the woodbox was well filled, ditto the waterbuckets; the chickens had been shut up all right, and he distinctly remembered having fed the pigs, the cows, and even old Rover. He could find no excuse for this freak of his mother's, she was not "cross" even, but just as pleasant and cheerful as he had ever seen her.

Throughout that day he pondered this new problem while taking extra care to see that his various little duties were all done just right; but at nightfall he was forced to admit that he had not obtained the right answer.

On the next morning the same thing happened again! This time Arthur did not speak, but just sat up in bed and stared. Neither did his mother speak,

but finished her little performance and quietly left the room. When she was gone, one of his older brothers inquired, "What you been up to, Art?" "Not a thing, not one thing;" said Arthur earnestly; but his brother chuckled a little and added to Arthur's sense of injury by rejoining, "That's what they always say, Art."

Throughout this second day Mrs. White was still as serene and smiling as a summer morning. He could not believe, when observing her calm, kind manner, that she had any further designs on his peace and comfort. But the same thing happened on the third morning, and again on the fourth!

By this time Arthur was nearly frantic; not because of the pain, for that was no great matter, but because of the wonder of it and the sense of unfairness. His brothers no longer chaffed him, for to them also it was beginning to look like something very serious indeed; but none of them ventured to question their mother.

Arthur, however, braced his courage up to the highest point; and, selecting a time when no one else was near, he approached his mother when she was busy at her sewing-machine. He looked on a moment in silence and then cleared his throat and said "Mother," and paused. "What is it, my son," she inquired, turning her eyes toward him very kindly, and looking as if she was quite unaware of anything out of the common between herself and her little boy. This unconscious look considerably disconcerted Arthur, for he could not see how she could even seem to have no idea of what he might wish to speak to her about; but he made a great effort not to be put out, and stammered—

"I—I want to know—I thought I'd ask you—oh, Mother, what are you mad at me for?"

"Mad at you?" repeated his mother, "why I am not angry at all, my dear."

This reply so surprised Arthur that for a full minute he watched the busy little needle, and could not find a word to say. Then he tried again:

"Mother, if you're not mad about anything I've done—what—makes you—what makes you bring a stick upstairs every morning?"

"Oh, nothing," replied his mother with that provoking little rising inflection that says so plainly to the one addressed, "You are at liberty to make as many additions to what I have said as you please."

Again Arthur was silent for a minute, and this time he felt irritated at what he considered his mother's levity in regard to what he thought was a serious matter, and this time he broke the silence with somewhat indignant emphasis:

"Well, Mother, if I've not done anything to deserve so many lickings, *why* do you do it?"

In the same careless tone she answered, "Oh, nothing, only—" and here she paused to turn her work in the machine; and she took so much time about doing it that she seemed to forget her sentence; so Arthur, with something like impatience in his voice, persisted—

"Only *what*, Mother?"

"Only," repeated his mother, pausing again to eye her work narrowly, "only, I am getting so in the habit of it, that I do not think I could leave it off now;" and away went the swift wheel, and faster the shining needle set the even stitches, while Mrs. White's whole attention seemed to be bent on her sewing.

As for Arthur, he felt like he had been struck by lightning or a flash from Uncle Sam's biggest warship, so sudden and complete had been his understanding of

the whole case, and his mother's little game of *tit for tat*.

To have his own excuse so coolly offered to him where it was so plainly not sufficient, was a more complete and forcible lesson to him than years of talk could have been, and he felt so thoroughly beaten that he slipped out of the house without another word.

To say that he did some tall thinking in the next few minutes would be a very poor way to describe the ten thousand telephones and clicking telegraph instruments in his brain, not to mention the trains of thought that rumbled and whistled and rung their bells through his mind.

If you had been there with your camera in a good position, you could have slipped in a dozen plates one after another and taken as many different Arthurs in the same number of minutes; for he was ashamed, angry, resentful, gloomy, defiant, threatening, discouraged, and all those things nearly as fast as I can name them.

At last the very best Arthur of them all came to the surface and smiled in admiration of his mother's skill in trapping him so neatly, and showing him so clearly how flimsy, how untrue and worthless was that old canting plea, "I am so in the habit of it now, I can not leave it off."

This last best Arthur took from its hiding place (he had grown so bold that his pocket was his only hiding place now,) the remainder of his "smoking outfit," and threw it over the fence as far as he could.

After doing this, he returned to the house, and this time he stole his arm around his mother's waist, and said in quite a new tone of voice,

"Mother."

"What is it, my son?" she inquired in

just the same way as before, and with the same kind but careless look.

"Why, Mother, if—if you'll try to leave off your bad habits, I will, too;" and Arthur blushed as if this were not the bravest, manliest thing he had ever spoken.

"But you can't, Arthur; you told me so;" objected his mother.

"But now I know I can, Mother, and I've already thrown away the tobacco."

"Have you, really?" she asked with an air of surprise; "have you really? Then maybe you can, after all. Well, Arthur, I'll try too; and perhaps we'll be better and braver and happier, as well as cleaner and sweeter."

Thus the compact was made, and Arthur had seen the matter so clearly in the light of truth, that he had no wish to return to his bad habit; and it is needless to say that his mother entirely overcame her bad habit.

Lu Dalton.

THE BROWN BOYS' FARM.

CHAPTER II.

Taking Possession.

AS SOON as he had read the note, Amos threw on his clothes, and leaving Paul still asleep, ran down to the office and gave the alarm. He was too excited to talk coherently, but the note which Mr. Perkins read aloud explained it as fully as he could have done. The news flew like wild-fire among the few inhabitants, creating great excitement and sympathy, for rough, uncivilized cowboys may be rude in manner and speech, but usually their hearts are warm and generous.

The Brown children had had every advantage for education, and they were very careful in their speech and manners.

Paul had at first been inclined to ridicule the speech of the people around him, but Amos had silenced him with a sharp rebuke. "Don't ever be guilty again of making fun of these good people," he had said. "If they do not speak correctly it is because they have not had such chances as we have had for schooling, and what they lack in this line, they make up a thousand times in kindness of heart."

Mr. Perkins at once telegraphed to the stations along the line to have the robber tracked. No one had seen him leave, but the general impression was that he had stolen a ride on the midnight freight. All that day messages flew back and forth over the wires, but no trace of the thief could be found. He must have jumped the train and hidden in the mountains. After several days had passed and Evans had not been found, Mr. Perkins suggested that they take a trip to the place where he had said his farm was. "We can find out if he told the truth about the place, and if he did, of course it is yours. I never wuz down that way myself, but we kin take a trip jist as well."

Amos had been in a fever of excitement since the money had been taken and was much relieved by the suggestion. He had no faith in the man's word.

"A man who will steal will lie as well," he said. "All we can do now is to take the outfit he left and start out for ourselves."

"He's a scoundrel, of course," said Mr. Perkins, "but mebbe he told the truth about the farm. I've an idee thet he did. I don't believe he came here with the intention of stealin', but I think he wuz scared you wouldn't take the land, and so to make shore he took yer money first. Mebbe he thought you

hed a good deal more'n ye hed. If the place is whut he says it is, it's really worth yer money."

As soon as Mr. Perkins could arrange to leave his business, he and the two boys took the team and started on their trip, prepared for a week's hunting, fishing and camping out.

The horses had improved very much in the few days and now made really a good-looking team. Amos looked on them with considerable pride as they trotted briskly along. He had never owned a horse before. As for Paul, he was almost glad that the money had been taken and the horses left instead. When they had driven about twenty miles they overtook a man driving a heavily loaded wagon.

"Good-day," called Mr. Perkins. "Can ye tell me where the fork of the river is?"

"Yes, it's off in that direction," answered the stranger pointing with his whip. "Are you going to Evans' place? His is the only place within twenty miles. You can't miss it."

Perkins and Amos exchanged a quick glance.

"I'm his nearest neighbor. I live over there. You can see the house," continued the man as they drove along together. "John Knowles is my name. Do you know Evans? He is a queer duck, Evans is, but I like him. We have been close neighbors, you might say, for three years. He has a good place. But the last time I saw him, he was wishing he could sell. That's three weeks ago. Have you heard about it?"

"Yes," said Perkins, "we are thinkin' of takin' his place. We're goin' over to look at it now."

"That's Evans' team you have, isn't it?"

Knowles squinted up his eyes as he

looked curiously at the team and driver.

"Yes, Evans left it with us. He's gone east on a trip." And then thinking it best to be perfectly frank and honest, Mr. Perkins told the man the whole story.

"Well, I'll be blamed! I'd never have thought it of Evans. But the place is worth every cent of it, and more, counting the improvements he has made. I can't understand his motive for doing such a thing. He always seemed honest. So you are the new man at the hotel, are you? I'm glad to know you. I'll be dropping in on you some of these days. I don't go there very often and when I do I usually stay at Burton's. He and I are old friends. Won't you come over to my place and have dinner? My wife will be glad to have you. She gets tired of seeing no one but me. The sight of those two boys would do her a world of good."

"What do you think, Amos?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"I'd like to go," replied the boy.

"Then we will. Ye see it's a good thing to start out havin' friendly feelin' with yer neighbors, ain't it Knowles? I want ye to be good and neighborly to these here kids, sir, fur they'll be no end lonesome and homesick before spring comes."

Mrs. Knowles, a pleasant, refined woman with a sad look in her eyes, met them at the door and gave them a cordial welcome. She took Paul in her arms and wept over him.

"We lost one his size last year," whispered Knowles behind his hand, with tears in his own honest eyes. "Our only child. His grave is out there on the hill, where she can see it from the window."

Soon after dinner they prepared for their journey again.

"Now be sure to call here on your way back. It isn't much out of your way, and you know how glad we'll be to have you."

Mr. and Mrs. Knowles followed their guests to the gate and watched them drive away.

"They're the right kind of friends," said Mr. Perkins as they drove along. "I only wish they wuz a little nearer to ye, boys. But twenty mile ain't a great distance when ye hev a good team and a spare day."

"Yes," said Amos; "they're nice people. There's something about Mrs. Knowles that reminds me of my mother."

"Her eyes and voice are like Alice's," said Paul.

Just beyond the fork of the river, they came to a rudely constructed bridge which looked as if it had been built by a man with plenty of brains and material, but few tools. They crossed here as Knowles had told them to do, and followed the few wagon tracks through the rocks and brush. They soon sighted a house in the distance which they knew must be their future home. As Evans had said, in the rear were the hills covered with timber; on either hand, wide green meadows, and in front, a vegetable garden. The boys were delighted with the place, and as soon as the horses were unhitched and turned into the pasture, they fairly dragged Mr. Perkins around in their anxiety to see their farm. Mr. Evans had not over-estimated the beauty or value of his property. Mr. Perkins was quite as pleased as his young friends with their new possessions.

"It's the finest place in the valley," he said emphatically. "And when you git some chickens and pigs and a good cow you'll be fixed all right."

And then he began planning for the

many improvements they could make, until the boys were bewildered.

They carried their provisions and bedding into the house, which consisted of two rooms. In the smaller room were a bedstead, a table, two chairs, and some shelves holding a few worn books. The larger room was evidently the lone man's living room. A cook stove with a few pots and pans, a table, a cupboard, a bench, and a chair furnished the room. The furniture was all crudely made from the rough timber.

"Well, I can't see fur the life of me what ever possessed that feller to act like he did. You'd hev bought his place ef he'd waited, and it looked so sneakin' to steal and run away. But everybody's different, I guess. Now let's hev supper and crawl inter bed. And in the mornin' we kin explore."

Early the next morning the boys awoke. Their friend was up long before them. They dressed hurriedly and ran out and met him as he came up from the river.

"Look here," he called, holding up a string of large salmon trout. "Ain't them beauties? We'll hev a breakfast fit for a king. I'd no idea they wuz so many fish in this river. Why, ye'll hev no trouble at all in gettin' a livin' around here. It's just fun."

By the end of the week, they had pretty thoroughly explored and become acquainted with their new home and the surrounding country. They had all enjoyed themselves; a great part of the boys' pleasure coming from the thought that the broad acres belonged to them. On their way back to "town," as the little railway terminus was called, they stayed over night at Knowles's ranch. Both he and his wife had taken a fancy to the two young strangers, and insisted upon giving them a young heiter and a

calf, as "a starter" he said, "and you can pay us for them when you find the gold in the mountain that Evans was everlastingly talking about."

When they reached town, the people, following a suggestion from Mr. Perkins, contributed all sorts of necessities in the way of provisions, clothing, bedding, and tools. There were so many things when they began packing that they could not possibly store them all in their own wagon, and so their friend borrowed a heavy team and wagon from a neighbor, and carried the "overflow." The community had adopted the boys with a readiness and good will they could not understand, although they appreciated it.

At night, on the day that Mr. Perkins had gone home leaving them alone, Amos opened his Bible. He had promised Alice he would read it every day. During the excitement of the last two weeks he had not kept his word. Now he turned to his sister's favorite Psalm and read:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Then the boys knelt down together and Amos prayed as he had never prayed before, thanking God for His bounty and asking for His protection. They both felt very nervous in being alone so far from other human beings, but Amos would not admit his fear even to himself, and Paul had perfect confi-

dence in his brother. They said good night to Tiger, the large watch dog Mr. Perkins had given them, barred the door, and offering up a silent prayer in their hearts for safety, they crept into bed and fell into a quiet sleep.

R. C. I.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

There lives today in one of the southern settlements of Utah a very happy family. The family—when all members are at home—consists of the father, mother, and three children. At present one of the number is missing. He is the father, who is laboring as a missionary in Great Britain.

Twenty-four years ago the mother of this happy family was a poor, little barefooted waif, living with her mother in a miserable garret in one of the large cities of Europe. Today she is the wife of one of the most prominent men in Utah. You would like, I know, to hear the history of her life, and how she rose from the ranks of poverty to the position of ease and comfort which she at present occupies. I will tell it to you.

In April, 1872, I was called to go on a mission to Great Britain. On the 1st of May following I bade my wife (we had no children) good-by, and, in company with several others, set out to preach the everlasting Gospel to those who sat in darkness.

Soon after arriving in Liverpool I was appointed to labor in the —— conference.

I was sitting alone in my room one Friday evening. My traveling companion had gone to visit a man who was investigating the principles of the Gospel, and I had remained behind to write

letters and attend to other business. I felt suddenly impressed to go out and hold a meeting at one of the street corners. I trembled at the thought, for while I had a pretty good understanding of the first principles of the Gospel, I did not feel fully qualified to expound those principles to others.

While pondering in my mind as to what I should do, I was reminded of the Prophet Moses, who, when the Lord called him to go and deliver Israel, began to excuse himself by telling the Lord that he was a man of imperfect speech. And I remembered how the Lord had asked Moses, "Who made man's mouth?" implying that He who had made the mouth could also put words in it to speak unto the people.

I knelt down and implored our Heavenly Father to assist me by the inspiration of His Holy Spirit to preach the Gospel to the people. When I arose from my knees I felt fully assured that the Lord had heard my prayer, and that He would bless my humble efforts.

Taking my Bible and a number of tracts, I set out. When I reached the corner of ——— street, I stopped beneath the light of a large street lamp and commenced to sing that old familiar hymn:

"Israel, Israel, God is calling,
Calling thee from lands of woe."

In a few minutes quite a large crowd had collected, and after I had finished the hymn and offered prayer, I began to expound the Gospel to the people. I was surprised at the fluency of my speech, and for over half an hour I held the attention of the audience while I told them the glad tidings of great joy which God had revealed in these latter days for the salvation of all people. I told them how God had fulfilled the promise made to us by His servant John, by sending an angel to earth with the everlasting Gos-

pel, and exhorted them to investigate and find out the truth of these things.

I need not tell you that my words did not sound as music in the ears of all those present. There were some who looked upon my story as a "cunningly devised fable," and no sooner had I finished speaking than a man stepped forward and denounced me as a false prophet, one of those whom the Savior had said would rise up in the latter days. He branded Joseph Smith with all manner of vile names, and closed by calling upon the people to "chuck" me into the sea.

All the time this man was abusing me, I was praying to the Lord to help me, and He did send me help from a least expected source. When my accuser had finished speaking, a well-dressed gentleman stepped forward, and addressing the people he said:

"My friends, allow me to say a few words. We are all, I presume, with the exception of this stranger, Englishmen, living under a government which grants to all the people the free exercise of their religious belief. In this dear old England a man can worship God at whatever altar he chooses. Shall we therefore deny to others that which we consider so great a blessing to ourselves? We cannot. This man has come here from the land of America to preach to us that which he believes to be the Gospel. We have sent our missionaries to America to preach to the people there that which we believe to be the Gospel. Our missionaries have been kindly received and treated by the American people. Let us show the same courtesy and respect to one of their ministers. If this man's story be false, it can hurt no one save himself. If that which he has told us be true, it is important that we should know it. Tonight our missionaries are telling the people of America how that

God appeared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to Moses, Joshua, Isaiah and the rest of the ancient prophets; tonight this Mormon Elder has told us that God has appeared to modern prophets. What would we think of the American people if we were to hear that they had denounced our missionaries as impostors, because they had told them that God had revealed Himself to certain men in olden times? Yet that is what we have done to this man tonight. Our missionaries tell the people that Jesus Christ appeared to Saul of Tarsus, and that, too, at a time when the latter was causing many of His Saints to be put to death. We expect the people to believe this story, and at the same time we ourselves refuse to accept one just as reasonable, if not more so. My friends, I advise you to let this man alone. If we do not care to accept his doctrine, we can at least refrain from persecuting him; for such is poor evidence of a Christian character."

These words acted like oil on troubled waters. I politely thanked the gentleman for his very able defense of me, and was turning to leave, when a little girl, about eight or nine years of age, came forward and took me by the hand.

"My mamma wants to see you," she said.

"Who is your mamma, dear?" I asked, as I made my way out of the crowd.

"Mrs. Crawford," she answered. "We live in — street, and Mamma dreamed about you last night; but she will tell you all when she sees you."

I followed the little waif down a number of narrow, dirty streets, and at last we came to an old rickety stairway. We ascended to the third story and entered a small, dark room. The little girl ran to get a light, exclaiming as she did so, "Mamma, I found the gentleman you dreamed about."

On a miserable straw mattress in one corner of the room lay a poor woman—the little girl's mother—in the last stage of consumption. I took a chair and sat down beside the bed. And then I listened to one of the saddest stories I have ever heard. This woman was the daughter of a wealthy minister of the Church of England. She had loved and married an unworthy man against the wishes of her parents; when, after a few years, sickness came upon her, he deserted her, and left her to her fate.

The night before she had dreamed that she saw a man preaching at the corner of — street, and as she listened she heard a voice whisper in her ear, "That man is a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, listen to him, and he will tell you words whereby you shall be saved." She told me she had sent her little girl to find me that night. She said she knew I was the man she had seen in her dream, and asked me to tell her what she should do. I explained to her the Gospel, and she drank in the glorious truth, with great delight.

"Oh, if I was only strong enough," she said, "I would be baptized tonight."

I remained with her about two hours, and then left, after giving her a little money to get some nourishment, and telling her I would call with my companion on the morrow.

We called next day and found the woman much better. She told us, however, that she knew her days on earth would be few; but she said she had prayed all night to the Lord for strength to enable her to be baptized. We administered to her, and the next day we hired a carriage and took her to the public baths, where we baptized her, and confirmed her a member of the Church. From that time on the sisters cared for her until she died—about a month later.

Previous to her death she asked me to take little Rosy to Utah and bring her up as my own child.

I promised the good woman that I would be a father to the little one, and I kept my promise. My wife loved her as with a mother's love, and Rosy grew up into a fine, handsome young woman.

One night Brother Clark came home with her from Young Ladies' meeting, and a year later he took her to their own home. I told him I didn't think it was fair for him to take away our only child; but he consoled me by telling me that the first baby boy they had they would give him my name, and so they did; for today their oldest boy bears the name of his grandpa—Reuben Jones Clark.

This is my story of "Storm and Sunshine," and now you know how little Rosy Crawford left a miserable garret to become the mother of one of the happiest homes in Utah.

W. A. M.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER VII.

Towards evening a man came riding up to Laie to see the "Pelesidena Nui," or presiding officer. Every one was away but the book-keeper, who did not understand native very well. But he gathered from the dusky messenger that the queen and her suite would be at Laie the next day; the hour he was not able to understand.

However, as soon as Mrs. Argyle heard the news, she put her baby in the cracker-box wagon and took her way to the mill.

She found her husband just ready to quit, and she hurriedly communicated her news. What was to be done?

The president of the Mission was in

Honolulu. Brother Argyle being president of the branch at Laie, he decided there was nothing to be done except to take matters into his own hands, so he hurriedly made plans to receive her august majesty in as fitting a style as was possible.

Messages were sent out by natives to the whole plantation. A general holiday was declared. The choicest products of the sea and land were sought that they might be sent to the Mission House to grace the feast next day.

Native women began the preparation of immense "leis," or long, solid necklaces of flowers of every variety. Especially were the yellow marigolds in great demand, as yellow is the Hawaiian royal color.

Great calabashes of the best pink poi were prepared for use the next day, by taking the somewhat solid, thick mass—which is the cooked and pounded kalo fermented for several days—and wetting it up with enough water to make it like thick gravy.

Great bunches of yellow bananas, especially the native banana, which is larger and sweeter than the Chinese fruit, were hung up in the pantry.

Dried, salted devil-fish, "heis," the greatest possible native luxury—and it is good—was brought to give the necessary relish to the food.

In addition to all this the white women began a vigorous onslaught on the various "haori" delicacies possible to the mission's resources. The fattest beef on the hills was killed and prepared; two small pigs were given to the natives to cook; oysters in cans were taken from the store for the soup.

Aunt Nell made the cakes, and Sister Newell was to take charge of the roasted meats and fowls. Great bowls of the most delicious guava jelly were made,

and fresh oranges were brought from the gulches. White bread and brown was made by Sister Madsen, and Sister Bee was to attend to the table-linen and flowers, while Sister Argyle had charge of the whole affair.

Everybody was just as busy as a bee. No one there had ever had any experience in entertaining a queen; but every one being Americans, and, above all, Latter-day Saints, felt that they were quite equal to the occasion, were it the entertainment of half a dozen queens, and kings, too.

Mary was in great delight; she begged to sew some of her Mamma's very best lace into her own only best dress, and she undertook to see that Allen and Tommy would be irreproachable as to necks and faces, with their Sunday white waists and little striped cotton breeches, early the next morning; and furthermore, she promised her mother they would all be ready by nine o'clock in the morning, even if she had to sit up all night.

Accordingly, Mary was up long before the sun was, and Allen and Tommy were scrubbed by her vigorous little motherly hands till they looked "quite white like," as Papa Argyle remarked, which was about the extent of Papa Argyle's compliments. But Mamma said "they were as shiny as looking-glasses," and Mary was happy.

The children were out long before nine o'clock, and so were the natives, who are but children themselves.

The procession was forming to go down and meet the royal party. There was good old Keleohano, who was so fat that he waddled; and his fat had got into his throat, Mary thought, for his voice was thick and husky; but the fat didn't interfere with his speech, which rattled off like thread from a spool. He

was of the old chieftain stock, and was therefore a leader among the natives. Then there was kind Kekauoha, who looked so funny with his brown-black hair and his dark skin, but who was a man of great influence. And Naihi, dear, kind Naihi, and Hana, the two most intelligent and nicest natives on the place, so Mary and her mother thought. And Kinimakalehua, the school-teacher, who talked English and was so proud of his accomplishment, and his young, fine-looking wife; and Petero, who appeared so dignified and handsome; James Halemanu and all the crowd of young boys and men.

And the women! Dear, old Kapu, faithful old head of the Relief Society, with Kekuewa and Napapale, her counselors. And Hana looked so pretty with her white wrapper and her peacock "lei;" and then Vickie, and Meleama, the sweetest singer in Hawaii nei. And all the rest of the dear, weak, kind, good and altogether lovable dusky people who squatted on the grass or stood about in their immaculate white clothes, both men and women, all in white. These all, with the brass band boys, the boys with flags and banners, and the girls with great ropes of flower "leis," all these were part of the excitement that lovely, soft, tropical morning in February.

At last they were all formed and started out of the big gates, with brass band playing, led by Brother Alopek. First were the Elders, then the Relief Society, and, oh, dear! Mary was distressed to see ————, who was a man, with the strange idiosyncrasy that he was a woman, and who would march with the Relief Society, with his dark, heavily-bearded face. There was a little confusion as he took his place, for Papa Argyle tried to persuade him to go with the men. But no; he had his wrapper

and parasol, and he insisted that he was a woman.

"He's the first man I ever saw in my life who wanted to be a woman," remarked Papa Argyle, as he gave up the struggle and allowed him to march proudly on with his skirts flying and his parasol held proudly aloft.

The procession met the party, "alo-has" were exchanged, and then they all turned and slowly wound up the hill and through the gates to the house.

Papa Argyle, Brother Bee and the ladies all stood outside to welcome the royal guests.

Then there was a little grand-stand play by one of the white Elders, which seemed to amuse the queen quite as much as it did Sister Argyle.

Here she was then! The dusky, gracious, smiling, pretty, dignified, sovereign queen of the Sandwich Islands.

Mary was surprised to find her dressed in an English costume, with corsets, and a pretty bonnet on. She couldn't talk English, though, this dark lady, so Papa Argyle, who had preached in her chapel before her on a former visit, had all the conversation with the queen to himself.

There were a number of ladies and the two princes in her train.

The natives crowded around and seemed deeply affected at sight of their beloved queen.

After a brief rest, the party were invited to dinner, which was served in the big room of the mission house.

Now, the American sisters might be quite as good and equal to any queen; but they didn't know how to arrange her table, certainly. In accordance with the hoary Yankee tradition, the head of the table was set at the end of the table. And Sister Argyle, who had superintended the affair, had given strict in-

structions to the two young sisters who assisted her in waiting upon the table to begin passing the soup at the two end seats respectively, at the head and foot of the table.

But the queen, during the temporary absence of the white women, who were in the kitchen getting the soup, took the seating matter into her own hands. Sister Argyle did not come in as soon as the others, but was perfectly surprised at the report brought her, that not a soul would take soup. She hurried in with a tray herself, and offered it herself to the gentleman at the foot of the table. It was refused in stony silence. Then to another; again stony silence. What on earth was the matter? Those people sat as if carved in stone, a lot of voiceless, inanimate, bronze statues!

In a flash she noticed the queen had seated herself in the center of the table instead of at the head, and no one had offered soup to her.

"Kala mai ia 'au!" she exclaimed in her meager, broken native. "Oh, what a stupid!" she said to herself. Then offering her tray to the queen, that lady took a plate, laughed in her soft, native gurgling way, and the others followed her example instantly and the soup was all taken.

The rest of the dinner passed off pleasantly. The Laie natives gathered on the porches and grass, and sang the hymns of praise hastily composed for the occasion. The soft tones of the guitar and mandolin, mingled with the beautiful voices of the native musicians, added the finishing touches to the banquet.

Before the dinner was over, Mary asked her Mamma if she might sing for the queen, and receiving permission, she perched herself on the stool before the organ, her toes only reaching the pedals, and she sang "Eke hoku lili'i nei" in her

sweet, piping treble, playing her own accompaniment.

The queen was charmed. She begged for another song, and then an English one, and then for another native song. And when Mary jumped down and to the accompaniment of Naihi's guitar and voice danced the first pretty, modest steps of the "hula" dance, the royal lady was quite overcome with admiration.

Mrs. Argyle had provided her precious autograph book, and at this moment she solicited the queen and some of her suite to add their names to the good and great ones already written in her book. Her majesty graciously complied, as well as the two princes, and the rest of the suite.

Then the august visitors took their departure, followed by the "al-o-has" of three hundred mellow, native voices, and the hearty good-will of every white man and woman on the plantation.

Homespun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER.

THE following pretty legend, which tells how the seven stars came to form the Dipper, is told in a New York paper:

Once in a country far away the people were dying of thirst. There had been no rain for months. The rivers and springs and brooks had all dried up. The plants and flowers had withered and died. The birds were so hoarse they could not sing. The whole land was sad and mournful. One night after the stars had come out a little girl with a tin dipper in her hand crept quietly out of a house and went into a wood near by. Kneeling down under a tree she folded her hands and prayed that God would send rain, if it were only enough to fill

her little dipper. She prayed so long that at last she fell asleep. When she awoke she was overjoyed to find her dipper full of clear, cool water.

Remembering that her dear mother was ill and dying of thirst she did not even wait to moisten her parched lips, but taking up her dipper she hurried home. In her haste she stumbled, and, alas! dropped her precious cup. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog who, like herself, had almost fainted for want of water. She lifted her dipper, and what was her surprise to find that not a drop had been spilled! Pouring out a few drops on her hand she held it out for the dog to lick. He did so, and seemed much revived, but as she poured out the water the tin dipper had changed to one of beautiful silver. Reaching home as soon as possible she handed the water to the servant to give it to her mother.

"Oh," said her mother, "I will not take it. I shall not live, anyhow. You are younger and stronger than I." As she gave the servant the dipper it changed into shining gold. The servant was just about to give each person in the house a spoonful of the precious water when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary, and she handed him the dipper of water. He took it, saying: "Blessed is he that gives a cup of cold water in His name."

A radiance shone all about him, and immediately the golden dipper became studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst forth into a fountain, which supplied the thirsty land with water. The seven diamonds rose higher until they reached the sky, and there changed into bright stars, forming the "Great Dipper," telling the story of an unselfish act.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.BETTER TO KEEP ON SAFE GROUND IN THE-
OLOGY.

WE NOTICE a tendency in some theological classes in our Sunday Schools to agitate and discuss questions that bring about differences of opinion and sometimes dissension. We not only hear personally of such things occurring from time to time, but we also frequently have letters from members of theological classes, which lead to the conclusion that subjects are talked about sometimes which it would be far better to let alone.

There is no end to the questions that might be asked which would be very difficult if not impossible for any mortal to answer. It does not require much intelligence nor much thought to propound a query to which the wisest man can not make a satisfactory reply. A desire for information is of course to be commended; but a curiosity as to abstruse points in theology does not always indicate a real search for knowledge, nor does it necessarily imply depth of thought or diligent study. It is frequently an evidence of a quibbling mind, and in many cases that have come to our knowledge it suggests rather a desire to "show off" in argument and display skill in controversy than a desire for the real essence of truth.

However, there is much truth which all men cannot yet understand; and there are many things which are plain to some

that are obscure to others. Where the plain word of God has been given, there is an end to dispute or controversy. Beyond this it is unprofitable for theological classes to venture; for when disputants follow their theories past the point where the written or revealed word extends, they are at once in a vast realm of uncertainty where one man's opinion is as good as another's.

We repeat, it is well for students in our theological classes to confine themselves to the written revelations and to the word of God as He has given it, not indulging in wild speculations and all sorts of fancies concerning things about which the Lord has not given His word. There are many things which He has revealed to His faithful servants that are unwise for them to teach, and they do not teach them. On the other hand those who pretend to have superior knowledge concerning these abstruse subjects are for that very reason not in a position to give correct information. The proof of this is the freedom with which they will talk about things which the Lord either has withheld, or, if He reveals them at all, imparts them only to chosen vessels.

THE QUESTION OF TARDINESS AT SACRAMENT MEETINGS.

FROM one of the brethren engaged in Sunday School work in Utah County we have received an inquiry as to whether it would be better to pass the Sacrament to those coming into the meeting late—many entertaining the view that a more punctual and prompt attendance might be secured if those who come late were denied the privilege of receiving these emblems.

A question came up before the Sunday School Union Board respecting the

practice which had obtained in some places of closing the doors of a meeting house while the Sacrament was being passed, and thus keeping outside, until the Sacrament had been administered, those who were not punctual. The reasons that were assigned for this custom were those mentioned by our correspondent above; that is, that the effect would be to make people more punctual, and prevent disturbance and noise while the bread and cup were being served. On the other hand it was argued that sometimes persons were unavoidably detained, and that in very cold weather there had been cases where people had suffered exceedingly from the exposure to which they were subjected in remaining outside the building while the Sacrament was being administered. The general feeling of the members of the Board was that, while it was very important that a punctual attendance at Sunday School and meeting should be insisted upon, still there might be cases where persons were unavoidably detained and that it was a hardship to them to compel them to stand outside and not partake of the Sacrament, when their chief desire in coming to meeting had perhaps been to have the latter privilege. It was felt that it was better to have them come a little late under such circumstances than not to come at all, and that if occasional tardiness were to be punished with such severity as had been suggested, it would have a tendency to keep people from going to meeting unless they were positively certain that they could always reach there punctually at the time.

After viewing the subject in all its bearings, it was felt that this rule of closing the doors and thus denying the Sacrament to those who came late, was not a proper one to enforce, for every Lat-

ter-day Saint in good standing is entitled to partake of the Sacrament when it is being administered, and it was not deemed proper to punish any of them by depriving them of the opportunity of partaking of it because of their being delayed in reaching the meeting. In such circumstances, if persons are delayed after the bread has been passed, it would only be courteous in the person administering the Sacrament to have the bread carried to such person, that he or she might partake of it, and not be deprived of what most of the Saints, and indeed all who enjoy the right spirit, esteem as a very great privilege. Even though this may involve a little labor and the necessity of taking some trouble, it is a kindness to a brother or sister that brethren officiating in the administration ought not to be unwilling to render.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION ITEMS.

At the meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, Thursday, March 23rd, the subject of the Sunday School Jubilee, to be held during this year, was discussed, and the following was decided upon:

First—That a general celebration be held on the Sunday evening of October 8th, 1899, in the Tabernacle;

Second—That local celebrations be held in each school, Sunday morning, December 10th, 1899;

Third—That the Stake Superintendencies and Mission Presidents each appoint a committee of three to act as a Stake committee in conjunction with the general committee;

Fourth—That three blank copies of the Semi-centennial Record be sent to each school; one to be preserved in the archives of the school, one to be sent to the Stake Superintendency and one to be returned to the General Secretary,

No. 408 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City.

It was the desire that these blanks should be filled out and returned immediately, in order that the Semi-centennial Record might be completed in good time.

It was also decided by the Board that a Sunday School Normal class should be established in the St. Joseph Stake Academy, under the supervision of Elder Andrew Kimball.

The semi-annual meeting of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in the Tabernacle, Sunday evening, April 9th, 1899, at 7 o'clock p. m.

A cordial invitation to be present is extended to all interested in Sunday School work.

THE STRANGE HISTORY OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

CHAPTER V.

A Letter From Pitcairn.

THE little colony on Pitcairn Island continued to grow and prosper. Passing ships more often called, thus establishing communication with the world. In 1831 the inhabitants numbered eighty-seven. As the island was too small for the increasing population, they decided to remove to the larger and more fertile Tahiti; but they were so disgusted with the immorality of their Tahitian friends that most of them returned to Pitcairn at the end of nine months.

In 1839 they were so annoyed by the crew of some whale ships that they asked to be taken under the protection of the British flag. This was granted them and their self-elected magistrate was recognized as the responsible governor.

In 1855 their number again became too great for the island, so they petitioned the government for the larger Norfolk Island to which they were removed. However, the old home nest had attractions too great for some to resist. Two families returned within two years, others following some time after.

In 1890 there were one hundred and twenty souls on Pitcairn Island. From their frequent intercourse with Europeans they have acquired the manners and polish of civilized life, though they still retain their virtuous simplicity of character.

About ten years ago one of the young Pitcairners left the island and after many adventures landed in San Francisco. Here he joined the Adventists and soon after died. The Adventists fitted out a vessel for the South Seas, called at Pitcairn, and it is said, converted nearly all the islanders to that faith.

The *Overland Monthly* of September, 1891, contains some interesting letters written by a young lady, a native of Pitcairn, from that island to a friend who had called on them while on a cruise in the Pacific. By permission of the magazine we quote one of these letters in full. The letter tells much and beautifully illustrates the character and lives of this peculiar people:

PITCAIRN ISLAND,

Feb. 21, 1881.

DEAR NETTIE: I am writing this out on my parents' farm. It is quite a small place, as you will doubtless think. I will describe it to you.

Leaving home I walked out with several men and women who have gone reviewing old landmarks, (I came out for that purpose, as the older people think it necessary for younger people to do so) but getting tired of climbing a not high

hill, came on at once to mother, who is here with me writing to a Christian friend in New Zealand.

After leaving the rest of the company I came on alone through an avenue of banana trees—China plantain, we call them here. They are all of the same height, about eight feet, and almost all of the trees are bending under the weight of their large and heavy bunches of fruit. After a walk of about five minutes, the little house can be seen. It is an unfinished place but contains three beds, a rude table, some plates, cups, etc., as my parents often spend the night here, and with them my two little brothers, John and Arthur. The little cottage is surrounded with a few gay flowers, nasturtiums, geraniums, balsams, "bachelors' buttons" and a few others. You will see that there is not a great variety, but they make the place bright and cheerful. All the flowers, nearly, have been sent from San Francisco by kind friends there.

Father and mother have a noisy family of chickens here, and some pigs are in their pen. They raise sweet potatoes, Indian corn, yams, sugar-cane, a row of Irish potatoes, bananas of different kinds and a few other things here. I wish you could see their pine-apple patch in the richness of their golden fruit. The season for them is nearly over but there are a few left yet; and are so delicious.

Mother and I have just enjoyed a meal of fresh young Indian corn, and cakes made of green banana which are very nice indeed. We had bananas also and some nicely flavored tea. I think you could enjoy yourself here in this rural simplicity, especially as the day is perfectly lovely and bright and the gentle wind fanning the tops of the trees is so pleasant and makes gentle music.

Every one here, man or woman, ad-

dresses the others by their Christian names. For that matter we are like one family. Thus, my father is Simon, my mother, Mary, and so on. How do you think you would like to live in a place like this? All are like brothers and sisters.

You would like to know how we pass our time here. Sunday is spent thus: After family prayers, all the young people prepare themselves for Sunday School. The teachers are five in number, viz: My father, another young man, Mr. V. Young, Miss Mary Ann McCoy, Mrs. Sarah Young, my sister-in-law and myself. I have the youngest children, boys and girls. It was only lately that I assumed charge of them, as the class that had been mine for years have some of them gone into father's, and the others have separated into different classes. The average attendance is about forty.

Of the work on week days:

The men are usually employed in field work—planting, weeding, etc., when the weather has continued for a long time dry, and after the rain has come to water the ground, the women generally help their husbands and brothers in field work, as that is sometimes heavy, and also it is necessary to have the crops planted before the ground becomes dry again. Such work is always healthful, invigorating, and mostly pleasant, though for truth's sake I must say I seldom do it. I am generally employed assisting father and sometimes alone, in our simple school work; besides which I do the family washing and ironing and most of the sewing—all hand work. Our women spend their time doing housework, and everyone likes to spend a day fishing now and then. Do you ever fish? If you do it is not like here, where we go on the rocks fishing with

hook and line, or sometimes catching little fish in nets. If you want to be properly tanned, the most effectual way to do it is to spend a day on the rocks fishing in the hot sun, and having a salt water bath after you have done. Sleep after a day so spent comes so naturally, and is so refreshing.

Come ashore with me and let us go up the hill from the landing place. It is an ascent of about two hundred feet, somewhat steep, but not an unpleasant walk, as the pathway is well shaded by trees. The house you see at the top of the hill was built for the purpose of storing cotton for sale. You will find this pathway pleasant as it winds through the cocoanut grove. When you are about half way through the grove, turn around and look at the peak above the landing place. Do you see the exact representation of an old man's head? That is what we call the "Old Man's Point."

We will go on again; the road is wide and clean just now. Here is the first dwelling-house on the way. In front and around, it looks gay with scarlet geraniums, acacias, and other flowers. Our garden fences are made of pineapple plants.

This house is a fair specimen of all the others. It is a plain little cottage, gable-roofed and thatched. The interior is divided into four rooms. The house being small, the sleeping-rooms are mere nests. Now I shall introduce you to the occupants. That tall, well-formed girl, whose complexion is dark olive (as are most of us) is called Maud. She is about your age, and is an easy tempered, good natured girl, an orphan, and with her sisters owns the house and the place around it. The next sister is Maria, aged nineteen years, good-looking, tall, lively and talkative. The

next is Beatrice, sixteen years old and quite dark. Miss Mary Ann McCoy, their step sister, is the other young woman.

Leaving them we shall go on a few steps and enter our unpretending little church. Only the three windows on the east end can boast of being glass. In this end also is the Queen's organ, the reading table and desk, enclosed by railings (Queen Victoria sent the islanders an organ for their church). In the enclosure sit my father, Miss McCoy and myself. Just beyond the reading desk is the church library, well stocked with books and other reading matter, so abundantly bestowed on us by kind friends in distant parts of the world. Within the church are twelve family seats. The walls are painted white, are simple, and the only ornaments it possesses are scripture texts on illuminated cards sent us by kind friends. On the west end is our school room, separated from the church by a thin partition of wood.

Beyond the church house are two other dwellings. One is occupied by Mrs. Warren, the widow of an American man, and their family of eight children. The next family below them number eleven,—the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Christian and their nine children.

Now we will walk down toward my home. Before arriving there we must call in and see my uncle Robert who is now fifty-one years old, and his wife Lydia Buffett. They are childless. With them lives Aunt Lydia's mother whom we call "mamma." She is the oldest person among this people, being now ninety years of age, and is the only one now living of the generation that succeeded the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

Now then, a few steps more and we

are at my home. You cannot fail to admire the view, especially when the golden sunlight tinges the feathery leaves of the cocoanut grove in the early morning. How often have I exclaimed, "How perfectly beautiful!" as I gazed on the surrounding trees and plants; and surrounding the view like a picture frame, stretches the beautiful blue waters of the Pacific. Now we will step inside. Under the eaves of the thatched roof hangs an empty cage; the dear little birdies all died last year. Now for an introduction to our family. This dear, noble-looking man with snowy beard and hoary hair is my father. Mother is this lively old (no, not old, only growing in years) lady who is so very glad to see you, and make you welcome. Her hair is very black still, with a very thin sprinkling of silver in it. She is a hard-working woman, as her hands betoken. This pale, quiet girl is my sister, Mary Ann, two years younger than I; and the other young woman of my own age is Holman, my brother Ben's wife. In the cottage below ours lives my brother Ned (who sang tenor that night on the *Ocean King*.) My other brothers are Alfred, John and Arthur.

We will now visit the other families. Our path lies through a valley, and as we go, you will see how richly the coffee trees grow; they are hanging with their burden of green berries, which will ripen ere long. The Big Tree, or banyan, overshadows this part of the valley. Ascending the hill we come upon a small grove of noble old orange trees, embedded in which lies the cottage of my brother-in-law, Russel McCoy, and his wife, my sister Eliza. She has a large family of fine-looking children.

There are three other cottages below

my sister's. Her husband has gone on a voyage with Captain Mills to Liverpool, and will, if all is well, go to San Francisco, and from thence home. Next door lives the oldest man on the island, Thursday October Christian, his wife and children. T. O. C. is grandson of Fletcher Christian of the *Bounty*, and is now sixty-two years old. My father ranks next in age. The last house is the home of Moses Young, our present magistrate.

The papers we frequently receive from passing vessels, sometimes over a month old, give us a fair idea of what passes in the outside world. Our life is indeed one of quietness and peace, as compared with the noise and bustle of the world at large. The arrival of a ship is usually a holiday time, that is, if strangers from the vessel land among us.

I forgot to tell you that the people here go barefoot, and so cases of taking cold never occur, and we are hardened to all sorts of weather. Any case of dangerous sickness is seldom known here, and contagious diseases do not prevail.

Do you know that I often think that I should enjoy a trip "to the main land," but do not suppose father would consent to my doing so. I have several times mentioned the matter to him, always receiving for an answer, "I think you are better where you are." I do not know, but perhaps he thinks if I should go I would not be satisfied on my return.

My love to yourself, etc.,

ROSIE YOUNG.

In other letters Miss Young writes of interesting current topics in the world, and in one dated Jan. 10, 1890 she describes how they celebrated Christmas. In that letter occurs the following passage:

"Do you know that on the 23rd of this

month we will meet, if God spares us, to praise His goodness for the guiding hand that has upheld us as a people for a hundred years?"

Also these verses composed for the occasion by Miss Young:

"Our Father, God, we come to raise
Our songs to Thee in grateful praise;
We come to seek Thy guiding hand,
By which, supported, still we stand.

"To this fair land our fathers sought
To flee the doom their sins had brought;
In vain—nor peace nor rest was found,
For strife possessed the unhallowed ground.

"Darkness around their path was spread,
Their crimes deserved a vengeance dread—
When lo! a beam of hope was given,
To guide their erring feet to heaven.

"Thy Holy Word, a beacon light,
Had pierced the shades of sin's dark night,
And poured a flood of radiance where
Had reigned the gloom of dull despair.

"We own the depths of sin and shame,
Of guilt and crime from whence we came;
Thy hand upheld us from despair,
Else we had sunk in darkness there.

"We, their descendants, here, today,
Meet in thy house to praise and pray,
And ask thy blessing to attend
And guide us to life's journey's end.

"Ah, that our lives henceforth may be
More consecrated, Lord, to Thee—
Thy boundless favors to us shown
With gratitude we humbly own.

"Thou knowest the depths from whence we
sprung—
Inspire each heart, unloose each tongue,
That all our power may join to bless
The Lord—our Strength and Righteousness."

Nephi Anderson.

(THE END)

EASTER CUSTOMS IN OLD ENGLAND.

Probably no religious holiday among those professing the Christian faith has so wide an observance as Easter, unless Christmas can be called such a holiday. Unlike this latter day, however, Easter

is not fixed for any certain day of the month, though it must be on a Sunday. Indeed, Easter Sunday does not always occur in the same month, for it may fall in March any time after the 22nd, or in April any time before the 25th, though these dates are the limits between which it must occur. Without going too far into detail, it may be said that the following rules will determine the method of fixing the date: first—it must be on a Sunday; second, what is called the vernal equinox (that is, the day when the day and night are of the same length and when the sun "crosses the line") is the 21st of March; third, Easter Sunday must follow the 14th day of the "paschal" moon, which is the moon whose 14th day falls on or follows the day of the vernal equinox. Hence, as already stated, Easter cannot come earlier than the 22nd of March, nor can it ever be deferred more than two or three days over a month later, or at the outside the 25th of April. This year it occurs on the 2nd of April.

It is observed in commemoration of the resurrection of the Savior, and has had a place in the Christian calendar for many hundreds of years. It has been characterized in the past by many quaint customs and ceremonies, most of which have fallen into disuse even in England where perhaps more attention has been paid to the ceremonial observance of the day than in any other country. A recent English paper laments that in the remoter country districts where the simple beliefs and superstitions of a hundred years ago are wont to linger, the old customs are unheeded by the rising generation and well-nigh forgotten by the old.

A relic of ancient times survives, however, in the practice, which is still general, of presenting Easter eggs at this season. The symbolical use of eggs is

for the most part hidden in the mists of antiquity, but we know that they were looked upon as sacred by the Egyptians and emblematic of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. With Christians of all ages it has been customary to give and receive pasch eggs at this season of the year, and the church of Rome regarded them as emblematic of the resurrection. Many different ways were adopted for coloring the eggs. There is a curious record preserved in the Tower of London of 400 eggs that were bought for eighteenpence in the time of Edward I for the purpose of being boiled or stained or covered with leaf gold and afterwards distributed to the royal household at Easter. The game which was played by boys on Easter Monday consisted of striking their eggs one against the other, and the egg which broke first was the spoil of the conqueror. Ball playing was also indulged in, and it is difficult to trace the origin of this curious pastime, which appears to have been patronized by all classes of the community, even to the clergy.

The custom of "heaving" or "lifting" was a remnant of an ancient ceremony practiced by the Roman church to commemorate the resurrection. In Warwickshire Easter Monday and Tuesday were known by the name of "heaving days." On the former day the men heaved the women, and on the latter the women retaliated upon the men. Between the hours of nine and twelve people formed into parties of eight or a dozen for the purpose of lifting persons either in their own houses or in the streets. The ceremony was incomplete without three distinct elevations, and toll was extorted in the shape of kisses and sixpences. It is difficult to imagine what can have been the origin of a practice at one time

regularly observed in Durham and other parts of England. On Easter Sunday the men used to take the buckles off the women's shoes and on the following day the women removed the men's in like manner. The buckles were redeemed by small presents. When buckles went out of fashion, shoes were taken off instead, and if the men happened to wear boots and refused to pay anything, the girls would try to seize their hats and make off with them. One writer records that Easter Tuesday was chosen as an occasion for the wives to beat their husbands, and that the next day the husbands, not unnaturally it must be owned, retaliated by beating their wives. In Warwickshire villages and in Birmingham a curious ceremony was performed called "clipping the churches." The children of the different charity schools in the neighborhood placed themselves in a single row with their backs to the church, and joined hands till the chain completely surrounded the edifice. As soon as the hand of the last of the train had grasped that of the first, the party broke up and walked in procession to another church, where the ceremony was repeated. Another very ancient custom in the same county permitted the young men who could catch a hare and bring it to the parson before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, to claim from him a groat in money, a calf's head and one hundred eggs for their breakfast. The belief that the sun at rising shone more brightly on Easter morning than at any other time, though absurd, was a very prevalent idea, especially in Ireland, where the people used to rise at four in the morning to "see the sun dance."

Everyone is acquainted with the superstition that if some part of a person's dress is not new on Easter he or she will have no luck all through the year,

and, whether the motive be superstitious or otherwise, there is no doubt that even in this prosaic age many people think that it behooves them to wear new clothes on the occasion of this festival. Simnel cakes, which are still supplied by most of the London shops at this season, are heard of in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Various stories are told as to the origin of their name, one being that the father of Lambert Simnel, the well-known Pretender in the reign of Henry VII, was a baker, and the first to introduce simnels. At Twickenham in the old days it was customary to divide two large cakes in the church, and distribute them to the younger members of the congregation. This practice was abolished by Parliament in 1645 as savoring of superstition, and the money ordered to be devoted to buying loaves for the poor of the parish. The manner of bestowing them was, however, somewhat ungracious, for we are told they were thrown from the church steeple and scrambled for—a custom which prevailed also at Paddington. Tansy pudding was another delicacy indulged in at Easter. It was called tansy after a bitter herb of that name intended to symbolise the bitter herbs used by the Jews at their Passover. It was also supposed to possess medicinal qualities.

The belief concerning bread baked on Good Friday appears to be a very ancient one. The loaf was kept all through the ensuing year, and a little of it grated in water was considered an infallible remedy for certain maladies. Hot-cross buns are supposed to have originated from this custom, though some writers trace them back to a far remoter source, assuming that they are relics of paganism, and that the word "bun," is a corruption of "boun,"

a sacred cake which used to be offered up to the gods in the Arkite temples every seventh day. Another theory is that our hot-cross buns are the same as the cakes eaten by the Saxons in honor of their goddess Eostre, and that the Christian priests, being unable to prevent their followers eating them, sought to expel the paganism by marking them with a cross.

The above are the most prominent of the numerous old customs which were celebrated at this season, but which varied considerably in form in different parts of the kingdom.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE BIBLE ATTACKED IN THE HOUSE OF ITS FRIENDS.

A GREAT sensation was created at a recent meeting of the Methodist ministers of New York by one of their number who proposed, in so many blunt words, that the time had come to "edit the Bible." Four hundred of his fellow-preachers were present, and while at first they stared, it was not long until most of them were loudly applauding the bold speaker's suggestions. Those who refrained from thus testifying their approval were the older ministers, "many of them," as the report says, "with hair of pure white and with eyes grown dim reading the Holy Scriptures."

The proposition is to place the Bible on the basis of historical works on other than divine subjects, and to reject the authenticity of all parts which are repugnant to human reason. Half of the pages of the Old Testament, this preacher claims, are of unknown authorship; it was compiled much as is any other book, being written from the records and witnesses of the time. Of

course he denies that he intends any criticism of the inspiration of the Book, or that he designs to shatter faith; but inasmuch as there were means of salvation outside of and beyond and before the Bible, and inasmuch as souls had undoubtedly been saved before the Bible was written, the Scriptures could only be considered an agency, just as the church and the ministry are agencies, in the work of salvation.

It is interesting to notice the subjects which this minister and his friends consider are not correctly described in Holy Writ, and which they are preparing to discuss and finally no doubt to discredit. These are: that the earth was created in six days; that a whale swallowed Jonah, in whose belly he lay for three days; that the Red Sea was divided in order to permit the passage of the children of Israel out of Egypt; that a snake tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden; that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and that it obeyed him; the tower of Babel narrative; the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt; the story of Noah, the flood and the ark; that God spoke to Moses out of a burning bush; that Aaron turned his rod into a serpent; that Moses tapped a rock and that water gushed forth; that Moses drew forth his hand and that it was "leprous, white as snow;" that Elijah was translated to heaven in a chariot of fire; that Elisha threw the mantle of Elijah across the Jordan, causing it to dry up and allow him passage; that the earth opened and swallowed Achan and his companions; that Shadrach, Mesach and Abednego walked in a fiery furnace unharmed; that Daniel stayed unhurt in the lions' den.

This comes pretty near to a declaration that the Bible is not inspired. It will give the infidels a great opportunity,

for they will argue that if the Methodists may reject some parts, other denominations may reject other parts, until among the jarring and jangling of creeds the whole sacred volume is left but a "thing of shreds and patches." It is an indication of the withdrawal of the spirit of light from men, and of the tendency to measure the Almighty by the poor human standard of understanding. Puny man, especially if exalted by a little learning, is prone to reject that which is beyond his ability to grasp. Instead of the true spirit which alone leadeth to a knowledge of the things of God, your leader of modern theological thought aims to get more and more of the spirit of man. That which is the completest key to knowledge, the sectarian world refuses to accept. Instead of revelation, by which alone they may know the Lord and His truth, they cling to tradition, and become confused in the discrepancies and differences that they find. They are blind leaders of the blind; and it is no wonder that they move about in a maze of doubt and are all the time striving to harmonize the Word with their limited reason, tearing it away piece by piece until the children of men reach a state of utter skepticism and unbelief.

In contrast with this, how firm, and clear, and comforting is the faith which enables the Saints to say: "We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God!" Is there anything in all the world to compare in value with this belief, coupled with the absolute knowledge that the Lord lives and that His own plan for the salvation of His children has been restored to man?

The Editor.

Our Little Folks.

A BACK SEAT FOR CATS.

THERE are a great many people who do not like cats, and a great many more who do not like mice. So far as that goes, the cats and mice do not care very

much for each other as associates, except as the former may like to eat, and the latter to be eaten.

But mice are getting to be a little more popular, I believe. A letter which has just come from my aunt in England makes me think so. She has always been fond of cats, and was hardly ever without at least one around the house. Now she says she has taken a liking to mice, and therefore has had to get rid of her cats for the present, though she hopes after a while to be able to overcome the natural enmity between the two classes of creatures, and get them so they will live along together in peace and friendship.

She used to scream whenever a mouse ran across the floor, and her great fear of the little animals is

no doubt what caused her to be so partial to cats. Now she can take up her mice in her hands and stroke and pet them as tenderly as ever she did her cats. But her's are not the common, every-day house-mice, and perhaps that makes a difference. She has some that are white, and some that are black, and some that are a mixture of colors, like a pinto or piebald horse. Other old ladies, who like herself have taken to these new pets, have them of chocolate, brown, blue, cream and various other colors. They even claim to be breeding them so as to get almost any desired color of eyes and any length of tail.

My aunt says the thing about a "mousey" house which always used to make her sick was the unpleasant smell. But this is all corrected in her pets, which are kept clean and have only a select bill of fare to eat. Cheese she never allows them to taste—and this I should think would be quite a hardship on the mice. She gives them all the oats they want, with an occasional slice of fresh vegetable, and a little bread and milk. Such a diet ought to result in producing quite a noble race of mice, and to be deprived of mice ought to make the cats better; for I lately read in a book which I borrowed from the Sunday School library that there was pretty sure to be some likeness between the character of the food and the character of the creature eating it. For example, this book says that people who live on pork and eat large quantities of it all the time will very probably at last have some likeness to hogs, and that those who are always swallowing great slices of beef will in time come to be a good deal like oxen; the argument in this book being that animal food in excessive quantities is not the proper thing for human beings.



I did not expect to get around to the Word of Wisdom in this article, but it does seem that any talk about proper food and drink is pretty sure to lead up to that revelation. The more I see and hear and read, the more certain I am that the rule of life laid down for man in that "Word" is the safe one for all of us to follow.

Well, as to these pet mice of my aunt's, I am promised by her, not only a picture of some of them when she gets a chance to have them taken (and when I get it I will give the JUVENILE readers a chance to see it), but also some of the mice themselves if she gets an opportunity to send them to me (and if they come I will be glad to have any little friends call and look at them). Yet I cannot help but think her taste in pets is a very strange one, and I am almost ready to believe that I have taken a dislike to the mice already.

Prince Arthur.

LETTER TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

DEAR CHILDREN:—When I left my home in Salt Lake City, on Tuesday, February 7th, one thought I had in mind was that I should keep note of all the interesting happenings as they came along, so I could put them in a letter for you. But they came so fast, and are so many, I shall only be able to give you a very small part of them.

The winter scenery through the mountains, though not so lovely as at other seasons of the year, was very pleasing in its grandeur.

Our first night out, instead of traveling all night as we supposed we should, at 11 o'clock in the evening the train was stopped because of a snow-blockade ahead of us. We were held over there

for fifteen hours, when word came that the snow-drift was removed so that trains could travel on. We had lost our right of way, however, being side-tracked so long, and several times we had to remain on a switch for awhile, to allow other trains to pass us.

As we had plenty to eat along with us, and the cars were kept warm and comfortable, there was no suffering. And the passengers in our car were pleasant and interesting, so we had a good time of it, after all. There was a young man with us who had been in the army; he made himself generally useful by going out every little while, and learning how things were going and what the prospects were, and then kindly informing the rest of us.

One of the places next to ours in the car was occupied by a Quaker lady, who was acquainted with several of the women we were likely to meet in the Women's Council and Mothers' Congress at Washington. And there was an elderly gentleman with a young wife; they were interested in schools and colleges. And still another younger couple. Altogether, we were a very orderly and agreeable company.

When we got to Chicago, the weather was so cold no one ventured out except on business. We had no opportunities of seeing the wonders of the city, and only remained over night and part of one day. Then we traveled on to Washington, the chief city of our nation. We reached there just in time for the opening meeting of the council.

I would like to explain to you something about the noble women we met in Washington, and what they are doing. They have seen how bad many things in the world are, and have taken measures to try to remedy some of the evils which exist, and by strong and united efforts,

make things better. There are many organizations of women in different parts of the country, who send delegates to the councils held at Washington, and in other places, to report concerning their works, and help each other with suggestions and instructions. And the good works shown by the reports given in Washington last month, indicate that the world will be made at least some better for the efforts of the earnest ones in the women's councils. Many of those women, in their various clubs and associations, are striving to promote peace, and help to bring about the good time when war and quarrels will be done away.

The reports of our Relief Society and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association make excellent showings among the rest.

While we were in Washington, something happened which made us very grateful for the grand system of organization in the Church of which we are members. There was a fierce blizzard which blockaded the streets with snow-drifts so that the cars could neither get in nor out of the city. A coal famine was the result, and we heard of much terrible suffering among the poor in that great city. To be sure, there were some among the wealthy who did what they thought to be their duty, and relieved what suffering they could reach. But the report was that hundreds were unknown to any one who could reach or help them.

We thought of our Relief Society workers, and while our hearts ached for the destitute ones so near us, perishing with hunger and cold, we were grateful to think that among our people the poor are all known and their wants looked after; so that a blizzard and blockaded streets for a day or two would leave none of them without food or fuel.

When the lecturers in the Mothers' Congress were talking of "Social Quarantines" which should be established for the safety of our children's morals, I thought of our dear Kindergartens, Primaries and Sunday Schools, and our Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations, and wished that the value of those organizations were better understood and appreciated; especially among all of our own people.

After the council and congress had closed at Washington, there was but a short time left for us to visit places of interest.

The last day of the council, the presiding lady, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, invited the ladies of the council to accompany her and her associate officers to the White House, where an interview with President McKinley had been arranged for. About thirty-five of us went and were introduced to the President in a body. He said he was pleased to see us. Mrs. Sewall made a short explanatory speech, to which he replied very briefly. President McKinley has the appearance of a man who is too much absorbed in business to have a great deal to say to his friends except on business topics.

We visited the Capitol and went into both houses of Congress, and listened to speeches from some of the Senators and Representatives.

Also visited the National Library, and the Corcoran Art Gallery, and found much of interest in each. From Washington, we went to New York where we spent two days.

Winter is not a good time for visiting places like Central Park. But the ships in the docks and "The Aquarium" were, perhaps, as interesting as at any other season.

After leaving New York we went to Buffalo and visited the Niagara Falls. I hardly like to confess it, but the truth is that while I looked upon that world-renowned wonder for the first time, the thought that came to me was of Mrs. Hemans' "Traveler at the Source of the Nile." And I said to myself, what she makes him say:

"And is this all!

No more than this! What seemed it now,
First by that stream to stand?

A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own native land."

Some of our party went down a deep, dark tunnel to get a special view of the Falls. I did not care to go, but, walking along the banks, viewed the scenery from different points, and thought of the children.

Among other thoughts, the following lines were suggested:

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: I could tell you
now,

Where some of the clouds are made, and how.

Perhaps you would start and shiver,
To watch the feathery foam mists rise,
Up and up till they reach the skies,
From the great Niagara River.

They rise in mass, and then divide,
Like maidens dismissed from a royal bride,
Arrayed in white satin and pearls.
I said to a cloudlet traveling West,
A message please bear, on your snowy breast,
To some dear little boys and girls.

Tell them that one of their friends you saw,
Reverently standing, in silent awe,
Watching the massive walls,
Like curtains of silver, gold and gray,
Swiftly unfolding, dropping away—
The mighty Niagara Falls.

Baby cloudling, so young and so fair,
Sailing away on the bright, crisp air,
From the grandest home upon earth;

To the dear children of men, whom you see,
Drop dewy kisses, and tell them for me,
Of your own marvelous birth.

Tell of the rainbow, that always exists
In the soft sprays and the crystal mists;
Of beauties around and above;
Things that I have not power to tell;
And that I'm happy, safe and well,
And send my very best love.

LULA.

Friday Morning, Feb. 24th, 1899.

The time draws near for me to return home. But I mean to tell you in another letter about our visit to Ohio and the Kirtland Temple. It is now the 15th of March, and I am having a pleasant visit with a very dear cousin and other relatives in Lodi, Wisconsin. The only drawback is stormy weather most of the time.

L. L. Greene Richards.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

PARIS, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I go to dayschool, to Sunday School, to Religion Class, to Young Men's meeting, and to Deacons' meeting, and do not like to miss any of them. I am glad that I am a Mormon boy, and hope that I may keep faithful to the end.

**Fred Edmond Shreier. Age 14 years.*

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I live in a little town named Shumway, in Arizona. We have a good school here. We lately went to Snowflake to Sunday School conference, and heard Brother Maeser and Brother Nuttall preach. Their remarks were very interesting.

Dellie Jane Willis. Age 11 years.

CEDAR CLIFF,

FOUNTAIN GREEN DISTRICT, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have read and

have been much interested in many of the letters that have been printed in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and thought perhaps you would like to hear from me. I will tell you how my little brother was healed by faith in the Lord. About a year ago he had a stroke or a convulsion and was in it all one day. We had some of the Elders come and administer to him, and anoint him with holy oil many times during the day. At night he came out of the convulsion and was much better, but could not sleep for about two days. When he got over the sick spell he had the use of only one hand and leg for some time; but we had faith that he would get better, and he has, and is as well and strong as ever. Faith will help anyone out of trouble if they will do the will of God. *Ira L. De Spain. Age 15.*

LOGAN, March 11th, 1899.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: How gladly do I

read your contents! I am only a little boy eight years old, but I love to read the JUVENILE for I always find something good in it. My Mamma gave it to me for a Christmas present. I have a pet lamb named Nannie. She follows me all around and will eat sugar and salt from my hand. I love her very much. I went to a little party at the Agricultural College today, given by my cousin. We had luncheon and then played games, after which we had cake and ice-cream. In the cake was a ring, ten cents and a straw. The one who got the ten cents would be rich, the one who got the ring would be married first, and the one who got the straw would be an old maid or bachelor. I am sorry to say I got the straw. I think I must close now for I am afraid of tiring you.

Your friend,

Earle Robinson.

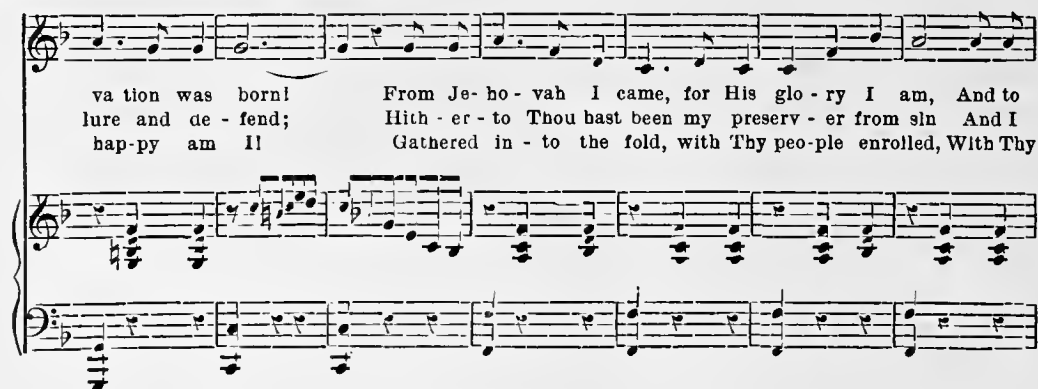
AWAY WITH OUR FEARS!

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1. A - way with our fears! the glad morning appears, When an heir of sal-
 2. I sing of Thy grace from my ear - li - est days, Ev - er near to al-
 3. What a mer - cy is this, what a heav - en of bliss, How un - speak - a - bly

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.



va tion was born! From Je-ho-vah I came, for His glo-ry I am, And to
lure and de-fend; Hith-er-to Thou hast been my preserv-er from sin And I
hap-py am I! Gathered in-to the fold, with Thy peo-ple enrolled, With Thy



Him I with singing re-turn. With thanks I re-joice in Thy Fath-er-ly
trust thou wilt save to the end, Oh, the in-fi-nite cares and tempta-tions and
peo-ple to live and to die. All hon-or and praise to the Fath-er of



choice, Of my state and con-di-tion be-low; If of par-ents I
snares, Thy hand hath conduct-ed me through; Oh, the blessings be-
grace, To the Spir-it and Son I re-turn; The work I'll pur-



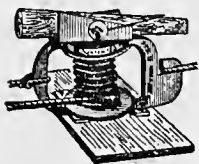
came who honored Thy name, 'Twas Thy wisdom ap-pointed it so.
stowed by a boun-ti-ful God, And the mercies e-ter-nal-ly new.
sue He hath sent me to do And re-joice that I ev-er was born.
Cres. *Rit.*

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